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Narnia

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Narnia

Giving a solitary speech in the middle of the concrete floor. Rubbing a mini duck between my fingers, naming it Miracle in the hopes it will become one. "I am a teenage..." Duck? Human? Platypus? What am I, again? "I am a teenage... caterpillar!" Did I botch the audition? It didn't matter; they welcomed me like they already loved me, and that meant everything. At least I tried.

My nervousness was worth it. Here I am, in another world, surrounded by strangers. Our rehearsals together grow our friendship. The play becomes our lives. Our task brings us together: for His glory, not our own. The magic forms us into a family.

I am asked to do things I thought I was incapable of: hold very still, become devilish, daily murder my friend, say no to invitations, let my grades suffer, sacrifice precious sleep. All in the name of theater. It taught me that I could.

Leaving begins with tears. Thinking about that day I was a teenage platypus... no, caterpillar. Now I'm a Tree, and I'm proud of it. A magical Tree that dances for her King in a wintry forest. A Tree that bears her leaves proudly, wherever she might walk.

At the closing show in our magical world, we look into our family's eyes and say, "You did great." "You changed my life." "Don't forget me."

I suppose you can't stay in magic forever. It's only meant to teach you a lesson and send you on your way. That lesson was the caterpillar, and my new family, and that I could. That lesson was that we had to leave the magic, but we could bring it with us, cradled in our souls. Because once a king or queen, always a king or queen, and that, perhaps, is the deepest magic of all.